

# The Alaskan Churchman

LII

MARCH, 1957

Number



O YE+ICE+AND+SNOW  
BLESS+YE+THE+LORD;  
PRAISE+HIM+AND+  
MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER





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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

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## NOTHING IS TYPICAL OF ALASKA!

The word Alaska to many people brings thoughts immediately of Eskimos and Indians; log cabins and igloos; much snow; long bitter winters; and much wilderness. The Far North has all these things in abundance, but it can hardly be said that any of them are typical of Alaska.

Alaska is so big and so varied that nothing is really typical of the Territory. There is almost as much variety in this land as there is in the United States and one would hardly say that something was typical of the United States geographically or weatherwise.

A good part of Alaska is Eskimo country — along the Arctic Coast where the terrain is mostly bleak and flat and where there is a good deal of cold and snow. The mission of the Church is there.

A good part of Alaska is Indian country—along the rivers of the Interior there are a great many villages where our people hunt, trap, fish, and

also work for wages on construction or defense jobs in the summer months. The mission of the Church is there also.

Then there are the towns of Interior Alaska, like Fairbanks, and Anchorage further south. These are modern cities with every convenience, inhabited by people like you find in most any town in the States. In Fairbanks there is a good deal of cold during November, December, January, and February, but most of the year in Fairbanks and Anchorage the climate is very pleasant and life in these bustling cities goes on normally as Alaska continues to grow. The Church has a real mission here too.

There are other intermediate towns like Seward, Valdez, and Cordova where there is snow and cold, but much milder cold than anything found in the Interior, and in these coastal communities the Church has been ministering to the predominant white population for more than fifty years.

There is a whole geographic area in Southeastern Alaska that is largely misunderstood by the average person not familiar with the intimate geography of the Territory.

Here lie the towns of Juneau and Ketchikan; and the smaller communities of Sitka, Petersburg, and Wrangell. All of the towns except Juneau have looked through the years to the fishing industry as their chief economy, but more and more pulp wood and timber are coming to the forefront in this area with great potential. Already a forty-million dollar mill has been constructed at Ketchikan and plans are underway for further construction at Sitka. In addition, the future likely holds similar mills for Wrangell and Juneau, so a permanent vital economy is in view for this area.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska differs greatly from that of the Interior. It is extremely rare that the temperature falls below zero in any of these communities and indeed above freezing weather is more the norm than not for many months of the

(Continued on pg. 10)



# "AWAY IN A COW-PLATE"

By MISS JEAN E. AUBREY, P.H.N.  
St. Luke's Mission, Shageluk, Alaska

For the past two hours I have been trying in vain to get this letter started, but it seems to be a bad time of day to concentrate on literary composition. The dogs want in, and then want out. A baby dropped in with her mother for a brief visit. The bread had to be watched, then finally removed from the oven. The last interruption was a hoard of younger school children, all of them sporting slightly-over-normal temperatures, stomach-aches, and headaches. We have some sort of bug going around, and most of the small fry are afflicted. Don't ask me what it is . . . you know a nurse never diagnoses!

But this letter is supposed to be about Christmas in Shageluk, not about current disruptions of internal processes. This was my first Christ-

mas at a mission station where there were no other staff members, and I was not at all sure just how many projects to undertake. Too many goings-on would have turned me into a snarling, sleepless Scrooge, turning the whole wonderful celebration into a nightmare for everyone. So we took things sort of easy, concentrating mainly on keeping the spirit of the Season, learning lots of special music, and preparing for a Nativity pageant, the first for this particular crop of youngsters.

Well, Christmas was wonderful. I enjoyed every minute of it, and the villagers seemed to feel the same way. The latest maternity patient delivered her infant daughter a full ten days before said delivery might have resulted in a complicated confusion of



JEAN E. AUBREY, P.H.N.



schedule. The pageant was a great experience for the children, and the costume-making taught me that sewing machines and I are no longer completely incompatible. These dark-eyed and dark-haired children seem so right for roles of Hebrew characters. The child who played the part of the Virgin Mary is particularly lovely, and I believe the most striking scene of all occurred when she was kneeling alone on the platform while the other children sang the Magnificat. We had eleven angels, the smallest of them three-year-olds, a solemn St. Joseph, shepherds all over the place, and a toothless in-keeper who announced with a wide grin that there

cold wind blowing, and the temperature was about ten below zero, but we managed to sing outside each cabin. We had one difficulty to cope with, that probably is no problem to Outside carolers. The sled dogs took a dim view of the whole idea, and howled their heads off at each stop. It was a shivering bunch of singers who finally ran back to the mission house for cocoa and crackerjack, but we all agreed that we shall do it again next year, provided the temperature does not go below minus 40.

After everyone had left the house I turned on the radio, did a little necessary house-cleaning, and then



"You gonna give us a 'poke', nurse?"

was "no rumm, no rumm," but that Mary and Joseph could "thleep in the thtable." Instead of a visit from the wise men, the older children, dressed to represent their possible future vocations, knelt at the manger to offer their lives and services to the newborn King. There were parents, a nurse, a doctor, a teacher, a trapper, a fisherman, and a missionary.

On Christmas Eve twenty-two of us went caroling, another first for the village. Each family had been given a candle to burn in the window if they wanted us to sing to them, and it was a beautiful sight to see the glow of the candles through the thick frost on the window-panes. There was a



"Me too, nurse!"

opened the large pile of gifts marked with my name. To all of you who were so kind I can only say a heartfelt "thank-you"; your generosity really overwhelmed me. It was about 2 a.m. before I finished admiring the gifts and getting ready for the next day, but the faithful alarm clock dragged me out of bed dark and early. We were fortunate in having fairly mild weather and had kept a fire going in the church for several days, so for once heating was no problem. Jimmy and Adolph came with a sled to take the gift packages down to the church, and a huge load it was. The church tree was decorated by the children's own handiwork. The younger ones made gay paper ornaments, and the



older girls baked cookies cut in fancy shapes and decorated with colored glazes, the details piped in white icing.

The church was crammed to capacity for the carol service and prayers. Because we have no parish hall, and the mission house is much too small to accommodate so many, Santa Claus visited us in the church after the service and distributed the presents. How wonderfully kind people have been! We had plenty of toys for the children, a stocking full of candy for everyone, and a gift for each adult.

I had not planned a special Christmas dinner, but one sort of evolved as the day went on. St. Margaret's Guild, of All Saints' Church, Anchorage, sent me a fine big turkey, so I roasted that . . . then decided to invite a couple of young people whose family were away . . . then found that the substitute Church of the Open Door minister was still at home (he had expected to go to Holikachuck), so I ended up with three guests and a full-fledged dinner after all. We managed to eat the traditional too-much and had a fine time chatting until late in the evening.

Before I leave the Christmas scene to go on to other accounts, I must tell you about Simon and the manger. I had asked him to make one for our pageant, and explained what it should be like. . . made of rough lumber, not too big, what mangers were used for, etc. I thought we were squared away, but a few days later Adolph came in, saying that Simon was confused about what I wanted and that he was under the impression that cows were going to eat out of it. Again I explained, but this time I found a Christmas card with a good facsimile of a manger, and gave it to the men. A few hours later Simon came in and announced, "Well, I finally finish your cow-plate." All afternoon I chuckled over his remark, and I'm afraid that cow-plate and manger will forever be synonymous in my mind. Imagine singing "Away in a Cow-Plate!"

The day after Christmas, while I was waiting for Tom Cleveland to come from Holikachuck, the mail plane

landed, and someone rushed in to tell me that I was wanted immediately in Anvik for some sort of emergency. No details, no idea of what to throw into my nursing bag, and about two minutes to make up my mind. I visualized every sort of disastrous event during the short flight over, wishing for the millionth time that I was a doctor, but found that no one could have helped the old soul who was dying. She was unconscious when I arrived and died peacefully a few minutes later, probably of long-standing tuberculosis. I stayed for about an hour, helping to prepare her for burial, then flew back to Shageluk. A little later Tom arrived and soon it was time for our Christmas Holy Communion Service. It was a beautiful service, and how fortunate we are to have a priest so near-by and so good about dashing down here in any kind of weather.

The following day I did a complete switch in maneuvers, for I had been sent some polio vaccine which was nearly ready to expire, and all the youngsters from six months to twenty years of age had to be "poked." This was an all day affair, and in the evening I had to get ready for visits to Anvik and Holikachuck. Tom and I left for Anvik the next morning and he had one of the villagers drive his dogs back to Holikachuck. The Wilcoxes were still out on furlough, but Bruce Kennedy, son of Bishop Kennedy of Honolulu, was taking their place. That afternoon burial services for Martha Williams were held in the little church, our first mission station in Alaska. The next day was a conglomeration of turkey-roasting and tooth-pulling for me, and poor Tom washed dishes for three hours while Bruce was time-keeper for the dog races being held out on the river. Thirteen teeth came out without too much trouble, and the turkey was delicious. Sunday morning Tom again celebrated the service of Holy Communion, and that afternoon we took the mail plane for Holikachuk.

The Holikachuk visit is almost another full story. Sunday night there was Evening Prayer in the church, Monday was another full day of talk-





St. Paul's Church  
Holikachuk

ing and medical visits of various sorts, and Monday night, New Year's Eve, there was a fine dance in the kashim. The local talent fiddled and guitared until 7:30 the next morning, but I bowed out gracefully at 1:30 a. m., my poor old bones having had about all they could take. New Year's night there was another church service, and on Wednesday the Holikachuk children received their polio shots. Thursday the tea-partner potlatch began. This is a complicated procedure, and is based on the idea that one has certain "partners" in the village. I had none when I arrived there, but I soon had two. Everyone went to the kashim in the afternoon, and since it was the men's turn to feed the women, it wasn't long before I was holding two cups of tea and two plates of bread and fried fish. This was a sort of preliminary to the real feeding. After some native songs and dances we all went back home, but soon Charlotte Cleveland and I were called by our partners to come to their homes to eat dinner. Tom and the two little boys have partners whom they had to feed. Even baby Sarah has a partner, but Charlotte did most of the eating for her. This eating business went on all through the next day. Thank goodness I have only two partners, for I was stuffed from morning until night. There is one saving factor however . . . it is perfectly all

right to take your plate of food home if you can't eat it all.

Partners customarily exchange gifts, and I received a bath mat, a pair of stockings, and a gorgeous jar of wild raspberries. Friday night the procedure was reversed, and the women had to feed their partners. This began by everyone again convening in the kashim, the women having brought fried mooseburgers, salt fish, and fried fish which were passed out to the men. After this the men left for a few minutes, returning with gifts of matches and crackers which they passed around to the women, after dancing and singing a short while. Then the women brought in their gifts and the process was repeated, except that when the women sang, who should be beating the big sealskin drums but yours truly and Charlotte. I don't think either of us is loaded with talent, but we didn't do too badly. Let's see now . . . where were we . . . after we women had presented our gifts everyone went home again, but not for long. As a finale to the whole affair, we called our men partners to come to eat with us, while Tom and the boys went out to eat with their partners.

At one point in this business Charlotte prepared food for the partners of the men in her family, then she and I rushed out to eat elsewhere, and when we returned home we found a dejected man and two hungry boys. We had completely forgotten to fix anything for them to eat! You should be thoroughly confused by now, but no more so than we were. It's all good fun, though, and somewhat resembles those "progressive" meals I remember from my more youthful days. Just before Christmas I went on a diet and lost sixteen pounds. Just after New Year's I had gained it all back. No comment.

Things are gradually getting back to normal, except that the weather is acting crazy. Last Sunday morning it was 42 below, tonight it is 33 above and raining. Snow is drifted all over the village and has formed mountains where none existed previously. The days are getting noticeably longer, and I think most of us feel



that winter's back is broken, fools that we are. But we did have a glorious Christmas, a lot of fun and good times over the New Year, and we thank all of you who helped make our holidays so wonderful. No one could ever feel lonely, knowing how many of you are praying for us and helping us in so many ways. Have a blessed New Year, all of you.

The Rev. Richard F. Simmonds was ordained to the Priesthood in St. Barnabas' Mission, Minto, on December 7, 1956, in the first ordination service ever held in this Indian village on the Tanana River. Mr. Simmonds has been serving as Deacon-in-charge of St. Barnabas' Mission since July, 1956, and he will continue as the first priest ever in residence in Minto.

Bishop Gordon flew the visiting clergy from Fairbanks to Minto in the "Blue Box." The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott of Fort Yukon preached the sermon and Mr. Simmonds was presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Walter W. Hannum, also of Fort Yukon. Other clergy taking part were the Rev. Alexander C. Zabriskie, Jr., of Fairbanks, and the Rev. Lee W. Stratman, of Nenana. Mr. David Salmon, layreader from Chalkyitsik, read the Epistle. The temperature was forty-two below zero.

Following the most impressive service, the people of Minto honored the new priest and the visitors with

a reception in the community hall which featured some old-time Indian costume dances. Mr. Simmonds also entertained his guests at a festive meal in his log cabin home featuring TV dinners and frozen pies.

The Rev. Alexander C. Zabriskie, Jr., of St. Matthew's Parish, Fairbanks, was advanced to the Priesthood in St. Matthew's on December 16, 1956. The Rev. Robert B. Greene, of Tanacross preached the sermon, and Mr. Zabriskie was presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Richard T. Lambert, Rector of St. Matthew's.

Others taking part in the service were the Rev. Lee W. Stratman of Nenana, the Rev. Richard F. Simmonds of Minto, and Lt. Roger Craton of the USAF. Mr. Zabriskie will continue as Associate Priest in St. Matthew's Parish.

The women of St. Matthew's Guild gave a reception honoring Mr. Zabriskie following the service.



The Rev. Robert Greene, Mrs. Richard Lambert, Rev. Richard Simmonds and the Rev. A. C. Zabriskie, Jr.



Minto Rectory

The Rev. Coleman Inge of St. James' Mission, Tanana, was married to Miss Anne Mandeville in Mobile, Alabama, on February 9th and the bride and groom returned to Tanana the following week. We wish God's richest blessings on this young couple in their new life together in Tanana.



# "ALL IS FAIR" AT ST. ANDREW'S, PETERSBURG, OR IS IT?

By The Rev. ALBERT J. SAYERS

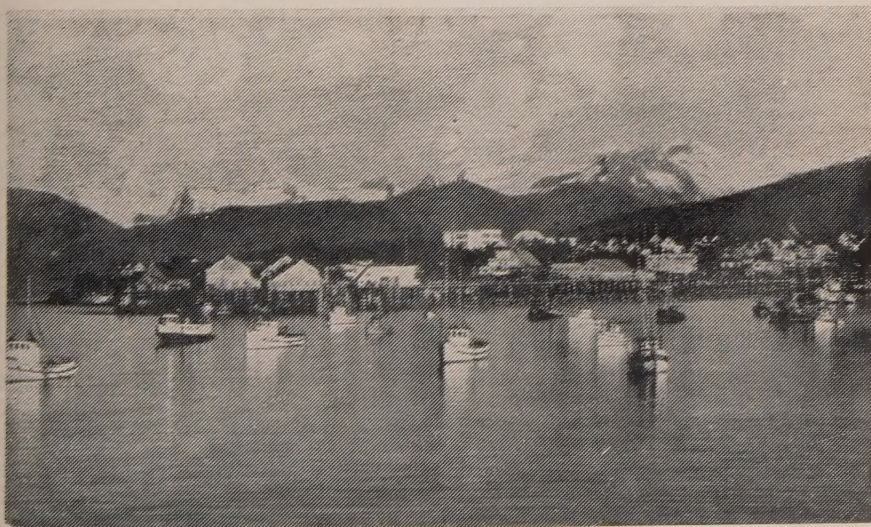
"Father, you have charge of the Dart Booth." The next thing I knew, I was sitting in the corner blowing up balloons. It may have been "moron work", but could I object when one of the essentials of the ministry is the spirit of humility? So I blew up balloons. Thus it was that the new Vicar of St. Andrew's, Petersburg, found out that the annual Country Fair is the important event in the Fall program of activities for this new Mission in Southeastern Alaska.

But there was more to it than just blowing up balloons. Everyone was expected to do some baking. Fortunately those five loaves of bread at least looked good, for, believe it or not, they sold for one dollar a loaf. Incidentally, there is no connection between the fact that our mission is named St. Andrew's and that the Vicar baked five loaves of bread.

It was understood too, that if the Fair was to be a success, everyone would have to do some sewing. The line had to be drawn somewhere, after all, there were sermons to preach, calls to be made, to say nothing of

the services each Sunday and daily devotions, study, and the innumerable little things that the clergy are expected to do. Besides that, the Vicar of St. Andrew's cannot sew. But don't think for one moment that he wasn't involved in it. I will not say that there were any meals missed at the Rectory, but for two weeks, everything was geared to the production of aprons for the Fair. Mrs. Sayers and her mother turned out about two dozen, all of different patterns and designs, some fancy, some plain.

By the time the day of the Fair arrived we all knew that this was no small undertaking. The Parish Hall, which has to be used for our services, had to be cleared and the booths erected. These booths are "prefab" so that they can be used year after year. The Guild receives splendid cooperation from the men for this part of the preparation. Into these booths went no end of things to be sold, some expensive articles of exquisite taste, some trinkets that the children love to buy with their money. It would be impossible to tell of all



PETERSBURG





The "fair" at St. Andrew's Fair

the fine things there were offered for sale, just as it would be difficult to estimate the many hours of labor that went into the making of them.

At the Country Fair you could have your fortune told, the children could throw darts or pay a dime to see what they could get at the Fish Pond. Some persons had their evening meal there, knowing that the food is always good at St. Andrew's. Others did their shopping at the booths and then sat down at the tables for pie and coffee. By the time the evening was over, the hard working women had taken in more than eight hundred dollars. You will appreciate what this means when you are told that the Guild has only about fourteen active members and the space available for the booths measures thirty-four by thirty feet, exclusive of the kitchen. Petersburg also is a town with a population of only about one thousand, six hundred people.

The Vicar of St. Andrew's didn't say anything at 11:00 the night of the

Fair when it was all over, but frankly, he was wondering how the place could ever be cleaned up so there could be services on Sunday. Here it was Friday night, the sermon wasn't ready, in fact, no preparation had been made for Sunday services. If he was expected to clean up most of that mess, how in the world could he get the other things done. Some people had said they would be there to clean up on Saturday morning at 10:00, but would they? "Oh, ye of little faith." The truth of the matter is that by 12:30 the next day you never would have known that there had been a Fair the previous night. The Parish Hall was ready for services on Sunday, thanks to the clean-up crew.

Apparently that was the way things had been done at St. Andrew's since the founding six years ago. That accounts for the attractive and efficient Parish Hall which will be paid for in the not too distant future. Even though the Guild has raised several thousand dollars during the past five





The Parson's Momma-in-Law gets her fortune told

years, all efforts have not been directed towards the raising of funds. They have participated in the program of the Woman's Auxiliary and they were instrumental in starting the Church School. The Mission itself paid part of the salary and all of the travel expense of their part-time Vicar who had to fly in from Wrangell twice a month, besides taking care of all local expenses which included \$100 a month for debt retirement. So the good people of St. Andrew's know that it takes more than an annual Country Fair to support a Church. They also expect more of their Vicar than that he should sit in a corner and blow up balloons. They have already told me so!



St. Andrew's Petersburg

Three priests of the Church in Alaska still use dog teams in connection with their work. The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland of Holikachuk probably uses his more regularly than any other priest in journeying back and forth between his home in Holikachuk and Shageluk, twenty miles away. He also uses his dogs in gathering wood for fuel and for hauling water and ice, and once in a while for racing purposes.

The Rev. Roland Cox, St. Thomas Mission, Point Hope, ranges the farthest afield by dog team, occasionally visiting Kivalina and Point Lay along the Arctic Coast with the dogs and also utilizing them for many hauling chores in connection with living at Point Hope. More regular air schedules along the Arctic Coast have simplified visiting the outstations, although it is tough still to get to Point Lay from Point Hope by air—and tougher still going by dog team (165 miles!).

The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox of Anvik uses his dogs mostly for work around the village, such as hauling fuel, ice, water, and occasionally for pleasure. Mr. Wilcox provides his own dog feed by cutting fish during the salmon run in the summer.

A fourth dog team is in the making at Huslia where the Rev. Patterson Keller has a two-dog team. However, one of these animals "Tetlin" is the equal of two ordinary dogs in size and strength so Pat may well be rivalling our other clergy in the mushing field ere long.

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We appreciate the response of our subscribers in renewing their subscriptions promptly. If you have received a notice of expiration please renew today and if you can subscribe for two or five years at once, so much the better for us.

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Several days during January (usually our coldest month) Fairbanks had above freezing temperatures while much of the United States had temperatures far below ours. Come on to Alaska and thaw out!



## ALASKA IS . . .

(Continued from pg. 1)

year. There is a heavy rainfall producing tremendous stands of timber that characterize the whole area, and the beauties of the threading waterways on the whole Southeastern coast are hard to describe.

About twenty-five percent of the strength of the Church in Alaska lies in the Southeastern area. Strong churches characterize each community, and a growing vigor portends an encouraging future.

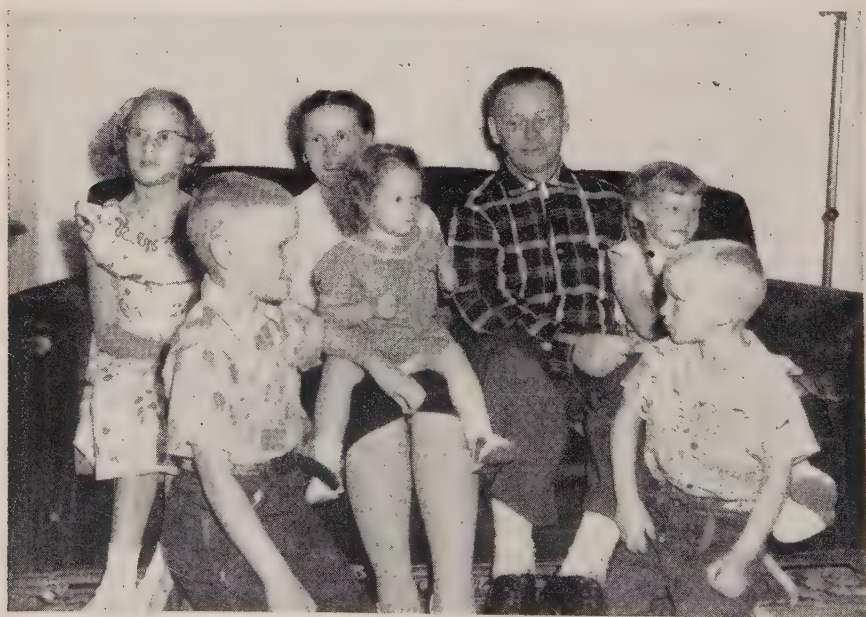
In Ketchikan, a community of about six thousand people, we have St. John's Parish, the oldest church in the community, under the leadership of the Rev. J. K. Watkins. Father Watkins came to Alaska in 1947, and next to the Rev. Henry H. Chapman, is the senior priest in the District. St. John's Church became self-supporting in 1955, and though the parish has had rather a tough go financially, we believe, that the church will continue to grow and be a power in the life of

Alaska's first port of call—also known as the "Salmon Capital of the World."

Also in Ketchikan we have St. Elizabeth's Mission, ministering to the Indian people and others in the Woodland Avenue area of Ketchikan. This mission was founded in 1927 and was cared for, for fifteen years by Alaska's first Indian priest, the Rev. Paul Mather, who died in 1942. It is now under the able ministry of the Rev. Cameron Harriot.

Our people at St. Elizabeth's have taken great pride in their church through the years. It is one of the best kept churches in Alaska and it has always been a center of Indian life in Ketchikan. As St. Elizabeth's extends its ministry to the community in which it lies it is certain to bring God's truth and His blessing to an increasing number of people.

Ketchikan is noted also for its rainfall which annually comes to 160-180 inches. The Ketchikan people get used to it, as they say, and the rain certainly produces beautiful growth everywhere. This southeastern town also



The Rev. and Mrs. Hugh F. Hall and Margaret, Hughie, Melissa, Susan, and Danny. Not in picture—Mary Evangeline, born in November.



has the mildest climate in the Territory.

About one hundred miles north of Ketchikan lies the fishing community of Wrangell, a town of about twelve hundred people. St. Philip's Church in Wrangell dates back to 1905, and is now under the care of the Rev. Hugh F. Hall who came to Wrangell in 1948.

During Fr. Hall's ministry the church has been renovated and a new parish hall has been built, and the life of the church has become increasingly vital as the years have passed. This is amply illustrated by a Sunday School of one hundred and twenty children not entirely accounted for by the six children in the Hall family!

Another great responsibility of the priest in Wrangell is the work at the Wrangell Institute, a government boarding school located five miles from Wrangell. This work has been increasing in importance and there are now over one hundred Episcopal Indian and Eskimo children who receive their spiritual care from Fr. Hall and his helpers. This work is vitally important because in many cases the church is the only familiar tie for our children who are so far from all that they have known before.

Fifty miles from Wrangell is another fishing community—Petersburg—about the same size as Wrangell. Our work in Petersburg was really begun by Fr. Hall in 1950 when he began having services there, and under the impetus of his leadership the work grew so that a combination church-parish hall has been built, a rectory purchased and a resident priest; the Rev. Albert J. Sayers, came to Petersburg last fall. There is real enthusiasm and a deepening spiritual life in Petersburg because of the influence of the church, and a sample of the activity and willingness to serve the church can be seen in the article about the Petersburg Fair found elsewhere in this issue.

The ancient capital of Alaska was the lovely city of Sitka, and the community still has the Russian Cathedral erected in 1848 and other buildings

dating back to the time when Alaska was Russian territory. With the emphasis on the mainland of Alaska the shipping routes changed and the capital was moved to Juneau. However, Sitka continued as a somewhat sleepy fishing community for a great many years and the work of our church suffered from the absence of a resident clergyman.

St. Peter's-by-the-Sea, in Sitka, built largely by Bishop Rowe, is one of our loveliest church buildings and has an almost unsurpassed location. The Rectory of St. Peter's was built as Bishop Rowe's home, and because of its age has needed much repair in recent years.

With the coming of the war Sitka, in the early years was an important naval station, and was manned by a resident clergyman for the first time in about twenty years. However, as war moved to the westward Sitka declined in population again and once more there was a vacancy in the ministrations there.

However, just after the war the Alaska Native Service took over the former naval base on Japonski Island across from Sitka as a site for a high school for native children and a tuberculosis center, and Sitka boomed again.

In 1948 the Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Chapman were transferred to Sitka from Anvik and the life of the church revived from an almost totally dormant state into a vital Christian community almost overnight. Great interest was shown in the church, the church school was revived (now has well over one hundred pupils) and parish life took on a new and vigorous look.

This has been given new impetus in the past year by the construction of an addition to the rectory to serve as additional parish hall space and for an apartment for the priest-in-charge. This will release the rectory for parish hall space (already being used for this purpose on Sunday with the exception of Dr. and Mrs. Chapman's bedroom!).

(Continued on pg. 15)



# ORDINATIONS ARE DIFFERENT IN NENANA!

By THE REV. MALCOLM H. MINER



St. Mark's Church and Rectory, Nenana

Mukluks, bunny boots, rubber boots, fur-lined boots—characterized the footgear of the Bishop and participating clergy at the recent ordination in Nenana. Being a relative newcomer to Alaska, this was one, among a number of things, that impressed me concerning this ordination.

Usually on the day of one's ordination to the Priesthood the lowly Deacon is pampered and protected—spending most of his time attending to the needs of the service, seeing that the choir is properly prepared, and making sure that there are plenty of extra seats for the visiting clergy and guests.

As. Fr. Jerauld and I got off the train from Anchorage at 6:30 a.m. we were met by 30 below zero temperatures, a penetrating wind—and an apparition from the steppes of Siberia, who turned out to be the Rev. Lee Stratman, Deacon-in-charge, St. Mark's, Nenana. He then took us to his home, luckily not far from the railroad station, where his wife, Ethel, prepared us a hearty break-

fast. Scarcely had he eaten his breakfast when this not-so-pampered Deacon set out to light the fires in the church and the parish hall—so that both places would be warm enough by evening. This was a chore that he continued to attend to during the entire day.

The ordination programs had been mimeographed, giving the names of the participating clergy—"weather permitting". One woman asked, "Do you suppose the Bishop will make it in time for the ordination?" Lee hastened to explain that we could have no ordination service until he arrived! You see, in these interior posts in Alaska a change in the weather can do all sorts of things to carefully prepared plans.

Throughout the day we anxiously awaited the arrival of Bishop Gordon in the "Blue Box". Finally when we did sight the plane, we dashed outside just long enough to see it heading down-river towards Minto. About a half-an-hour later three figures appeared at the door donned in parkas, bunny boots and mukluks.



When they finally removed all of their out-door gear they became recognizable as Episcopal clergymen, namely, Dick Lambert and Sandy Zabriskie from Fairbanks, and Glen Wilcox from Anvik. The last time that I had seen Sandy was on a hot day in June at Seabury House, and

It was during this period of visiting and relaxation that I had my first taste of the family feeling that exists among the church workers in the Missionary District of Alaska. As we sat together in the Stratman's vicarage one could feel the bond of true friendship, of mutual understanding



Alexander Zabriskie, Malcolm Miner, Bishop Gordon, Lee Stratman, Glen Wilcox, Philip Jerauld, and Richard Simmonds—Photographer—Richard Lambert!

the change in clothing, climate, and place was a study in contrasts. They explained that the Bishop had dropped them off at the landing strip, and that he would soon return with Dick Simmonds from the Indian village of Minto.

By the time Bishop Gordon had arrived we were all feeling quite hungry—and again Ethel Stratman rose to the occasion with a turkey dinner (the Bishop had flown the bird in previously for the occasion). Women of the community added to the feast by bringing in delicious samples of their cooking.

and ideals which exists between these Alaskan clergy and their Bishop. I felt proud to be a part of this family—to be allowed to share in its life. And as I looked over this happy group, rejoicing over the forthcoming ordination of their friend, Lee, I thought of the many people in the States who are so mistaken as to feel sorry for “those poor clergy and their families off in that distant cold land”. I wished that they could be present so that they might realize the joys that go along with this missionary life.

Nenana is a small railroad town





### NATIVE VILLAGE AT NENANA

populated by about 300 White and Indian people. It is south of Fairbanks on the edge of the Tanana river. Having known better days in the past it is still well-known in Alaska because of the "ice pool", a lottery based on the date the ice break-up occurs on the Tanana river at Nenana. St. Mark's Mission is our church in Nenana, serving the needs of the native people and white residents alike.

The ordination was scheduled for the evening, so that it would be possible for all to attend. Having been selected as the preacher for the service of ordination I kept thinking of the diverse elements which would make up the congregation at this service. There would be native people and their children, railroad workers and other local white residents from different backgrounds and denominations, the clergy row, which always makes the preacher think of homeletics class in seminary, and of course, the ordinand and his wife and children.

As we entered the church for this service I could not help but think of the many other ordinations I had participated in previously. My memory recalled spacious Gothic churches with beautiful choirs and long processions. I thought of many family

members, friends and guests who normally turned out to see their "boy" ordained to the priesthood. I thought also of the ornate receptions and numerous gifts which usually follow such occasions.

When we bowed our heads for the prayer preceding the service I knew that we were in no Gothic cathedral but in a small mission in the interior of Alaska. For as I bowed my head I could see the feet of the Bishop and clergy—the Bishop in moosehide boots, the others in other types of cold weather gear, mukluks, bunny boots, fur-lined boots. Yes, this was Alaska—where even though we wore our traditional vestments we still had to keep our feet warm. Yes, this was Alaska where we were warned to avoid the stove in the back of the church, so we wouldn't sear our nylon surplices.

The opening hymn began, and in ten to twelve steps we had gone from the back of the church to the sanctuary—no long processions here. As I looked out at the congregation I saw before me the great family of the church—the natives in parkas, the local storekeeper, the railroad workers, the clergy, the ordinand and his family—all huddled together in this tiny church, waiting for something momentous to happen. And in the

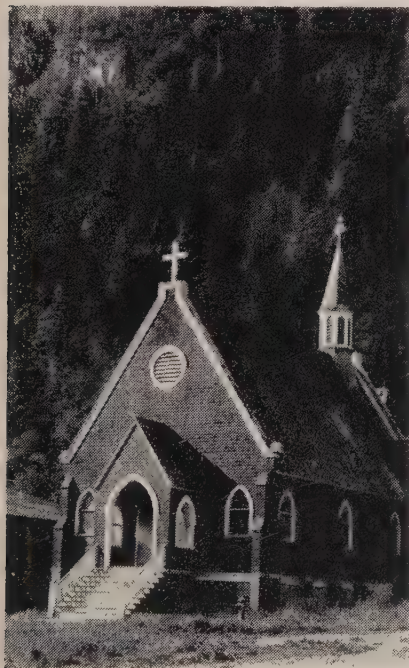


course of that hour something momentous did happen.

Without the frills, without the multitudes of relatives and friends, without the long processions and the trained choir—God entered in and through the Bishop of Alaska he set apart one Deacon to be a priest in His Church. And as we sang our closing hymn I was sure that I could hear other voices joining in on this triumphal song—voices of angels and archangels—and all the company of heaven.

The Rev. Carter van Waes was advanced to the Priesthood in St. Peter's Church, Seward, on January 27th. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Philip E. Jerauld and Mr. van Waes was presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Malcolm H. Miner, Rector of All Saints' Parish, Anchorage.

Other clergy participating in the service were the Rev. Richard F. Simmonds of Minto, the Rev. Coleman Inge of Tanana, and Chaplain Gordon Roth of the Air Force in Anchorage.



St. Peter's, Seward

Mr. van Waes has been serving as Deacon-in-charge of St. Peter's Mission since last summer and has made a splendid start in his work in this community situated on Resurrection Bay in one of Alaska's loveliest locales. He will continue as Priest-in-charge of St. Peter's.

A parish dinner honoring Mr. Van Waes (also his birthday) and the visitors was given by the ladies of St. Peter's on the night of the 26th and there was a reception in the rectory following the ordination on Sunday. Evening Prayer and Confirmation followed that evening to fill out a very busy and inspiring week-end for the Bishop in Seward.

We want to extend our deep appreciation to all those who have been so generous in sending us a "little extra" to help defray the expenses of The Alaskan Churchman. We are very sorry that we are unable to acknowledge each one individually.

## ALASKA . . .

(Continued from pg. 11)

The work in Sitka, like that in Wrangell is a dual ministry. There is the parish church life in the community and the additional ministry to seventy-five Episcopal boys and girls in the Mt. Edgecumbe School, and the pastoral oversight of twenty-five to fifty patients in the tuberculosis sanatorium—so it is a busy post and a most challenging one.

Sitka faces in the immediate future the great possibility of economic expansion from the coming of the pulp mill, and so we are delighted that the church is ready and willing to provide the spiritual strength needed as material progress develops.

The present capital of the Territory of Alaska is the city of Juneau situated at the foot of Mount Roberts and Mount Juneau in a very beautiful setting on Gastineau Channel.

In Juneau the church has been ministering since 1896 and our present church building dates from about that



time. Under the leadership of the Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres since 1948 Holy Trinity Church has shown encouraging and steady progress culminating in the Parish status in 1955.

Just at this time the church is in the midst of a very extensive building program that will provide excellent and much needed parish hall facilities and will also extend the church building another thirty feet and enable the building to seat the steadily expanding congregation. We hope to have a special article about this building program when it is finished.

The work in Juneau has been characterized particularly by extensive church participation of men and boys—something sometimes sadly lacking in our churches, and the teen age lay-readers of Holy Trinity are the talk and envy of the whole District of Alaska. Here again Fr. McPhetres raised some of these on his own, but when you get a large group of teen

age boys reading the service and even the sermon regularly and really looking forward to it—that is something to be proud of. In fact Fr. McPhetres was finally able to get some of the older men to share this responsibility, and he has hopes that even some day Ray Bolton may keep his promise and be a layreader!

The above very brief sketch is simply a reminder to our readers that the church in Alaska is a varied and wonderful example of the broadness of the Christian family. The Church here has come to minister to human need. This great land has much in material things to offer a newcomer, but man does not live by bread alone, and never was this more vividly illustrated than in our time, and our task as the Christian Church is to bring to men, women, boys, and girls here the peace and strength of Almighty God and the knowledge that He cares for and loves and guides all men everywhere.



St. Peter's Rectory, Sitka

# I WAS A "CHEECHAKO" IN ANVIK

By BRUCE H. KENNEDY



ANVIK VILLAGE

It seems to me that the danger in trying to write an article like this one lies in the temptation to point up the dramatic. In discussing three months in an isolated village like Anvik, it is also too easy to emphasize the hair-raising experiences, the "rigors", the excitement, and the overwhelming novelty of the life. Since this is true and since I'm admitting it, I now feel free to go right ahead and talk about just those things.

My preparation for arctic weather by living my "formative" years in Honolulu, Hawaii, left a considerable amount to be desired, but at the same time, the novelty may have helped me in making otherwise difficult situations seem exciting. For example learning how to build and keep a wood fire for more than five minutes took on the kind of life or death aura that I imagine a Matador feels as he improves his technique. Each new experience goes from a kind of

panic to self-satisfaction whether it's learning how to split logs or how to use a drafty outbuilding at forty-six degrees below zero.

The Bishop flew five hundred pounds of parkas, boots, wool clothing, food and me to Anvik on October 2, 1956. The summer was definitely over when we arrived. When a small boat had to break through immense sheets of ice as we crossed the Yukon from plane to village, I made a mental note to place my swimming trunks at the bottom of my footlocker as soon as possible.

We were greeted by the Rev. Glen M. Wilcox and taken to the mission house where my already numb hands began to thaw out. I was to fill in for Glen while he and his wife, Joan, and their daughter, Gail, were away on their well earned furlough. Since only three or so hours could be devoted to my indoctrination, the full impact of that "filling in" phrase



didn't hit me until long after the Bishop's plane took off early the next morning, leaving me in a state of semi-shock on the river bank.

Let me start with the wood. It was my first problem and certainly basic. I had to get some, I'd been told, and fast. Since I hadn't touched an axe since childhood camping days, and had never even seen a chain saw, freezing to death seemed considerably easier than getting a cord or two of wood. And how much was a cord of wood? Well I found out, but not on my own. I must have looked every bit as helpless as I felt because the villagers came to my rescue. One of them, Ed Tickenor, said he'd help

took over the splitting, and I moved to stacking, a job I later found was kids' work. Needless to say, Ed had finished all the splitting up and then did most of the stacking by the time the job was completed. I ended the day with a deflated ego but a big stack of ready firewood. This sort of day was often repeated until I had what I was told was about ten cords of wood (that to any other greenhorns in the crowd, is a pile of logs four feet wide, four feet high and eighty feet long). So my first test was passed by Ed Tickenor with flying colors.

Among my unexpected duties in Anvik was that of taking Joan Wil-



Oldtimers at Anvik

me find, cut and haul wood. Well, "helping me" was hardly the term for what Ed did. I can't even say I helped him very much, even though I worked so hard I couldn't stand up by evening. On one day we had several huge logs to transform into firewood. Ed started with the chain saw, cutting the logs into two foot lengths. My job was to simply split the logs up after he cut them. By the time he finished all the sawing, I'd successfully split about five chunks of wood and I couldn't see over the pile of chunks still to be done. Then Ed

cox's place as village nurse. In my two-room home was a cabinet filled with salves and pills, instruments and hypodermic needles. I looked them all over and finally recognized the labels on Aspirin, Merthiolate and Unguentine. The rest of the items in the cabinet had mysterious names like Hydrogen Peroxide, Triple Sulfa, Gentian Violet, and many I could never spell here. Needless to say I gave out an awful lot of Aspirin.

My first medical panic came with a woman whose eye began to swell

up until it was like a baseball underneath the skin. I was expected to know what to do. I'd heard that hot compresses were good for swelling so I confidently prescribed them and then dally put boric acid salve into her eye. Meanwhile, I wrote notes to nurses in distant spots, hoping for a clue on proper treatment. The eye meanwhile was resolving into a pus filled boil-like knot. It finally broke and I did little more than keep it clean. Finally one nurse prescribed Sulfa pills by mail. I misinterpreted the dosage and started the poor woman off on a uselessly small number of pills. The whole thing finally cleared up but not on my account. I have every faith that the Good Lord just took pity on me and answered my constant and desperate prayers for her recovery.

Then there was the boy who chopped his hand wide open with an axe. It's a common occurrence; every Alaska missionary runs into this one over and over again. It isn't any less hair-raising, though, because of its frequency. Every automobile accident is a nightmare no matter how high the accident rate might be. When the heavy bleeding of this boy's hand only stopped after an hour with a tourniquet and blood all over one side of the room, it's not easy, at least for me, to think of it as a statistic.

And then I will never forget the feeling in the pit of my stomach when I had to snip off what was left of a little girl's finger after it had been nearly amputated by a meat grinder. When her finger fell on the floor, I felt more like crying than being matter of fact.

The day after Christmas a man knocked on my door, then came in and told me his mother was bleeding "inside" and unconscious. I dropped the dish I was washing into the pan and ran down the snow-covered trail, across a rickety foot bridge and into the old woman's cabin. The building was about five feet wide and nine feet long. Inside, the woman was humped over in a sort of kneeling

position with her face in a pool of blood on the floor. I laid her back on a pile of blankets and wiped her face of blood with an old rag. After getting someone to watch her I ran to the radio, the only direct contact Anvik has with the world, and pleaded for help from anyone listening. Then I went back to the old woman. Two hours later Jean Aubrey, our nurse-evangelist from the village of Shageluk, twenty-five miles away, arrived by plane. Shortly after Jean walked into the little shelter, the old woman stopped breathing and died.

At times like these, I think, the fullest feelings of inadequacy and helplessness come out. Knowing one more fact might save a finger or a life, but the fact just isn't there to be called upon. It is the extreme in helplessness and yet there was at least for me a great reward. When all one has to offer is his prayers, it's impossible to believe that there is no one listening to them.

I learned a lot of things in Anvik. I did finally learn how to split logs and how to keep a fire going for twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week in an oil drum heater stove. I did learn how to make faster dashes to the outbuilding. I did learn how to cut ice from the river for my water. I learned how to make rabbit snares. I learned about the great fun of driving a dog team over quiet trails through the woods. I at least partially learned how to operate a radio transmitter. I learned a little bit, though not quite enough, about how to keep an electric power plant in running condition. I learned how to fit stove pipe together, and how to make a pie. I learned a few words of the Ingalik Indian native language. I learned how to keep my feet warm in mooseskin moccasins and fur boots. I learned what it feels like when my ears freeze and how they peeled later. I learned how to preach nearly adequate sermons, and how to sing the hymns acappella and solo. I learned how to skin a lynx, eat dried salmon strips, bake brownies.

I learned a thousand different things that were new to me, but





Bruce Kennedy arriving in Circle in January to start seven months as a "Cheechako" there after finishing three months' duty in Anvik

somehow the most important things I learned I knew all the time. I had always known them, but they still surprised me in Anvik. Among these, I learned that mothers love their children in Anvik, too. I learned that money enough is hard to come by for the families of Anvik, as anywhere else. I learned that the people in the little church in Anvik answer, "And our mouth shall show forth thy praise." And "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen", just as do the people in St. Andrew's Cathedral in Honolulu, or St. Thomas' Church in New York, or the American Cathedral in Paris. And I learned again that the Christian God is often more real to those who have learned about Him than to those who have inherited Him.

My three months in Anvik are over now. Glen Wilcox has returned to his home, and though he may have some difficulty repairing the damage I left behind, he will continue to live and

work in the community, trying with what he has, to maintain and build the mission there. It's not an easy job, and some might think that since there are only one hundred and ten people in Anvik, that it's not worth the effort. After all with the tremendous shortage of men to give their lives to the mission field, why waste a good man on such a tiny, isolated community. Well, I don't know the ins and outs of mission personnel work, but I for one am very thankful that Anvik, Alaska was a Christian community before I got there.

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We congratulate the Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Hodgkins of St. George's Mission, Cordova, on the arrival of their first child, Mary Faye, in Cordova, on January 20th.

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**HAVE YOU RENEWED YOUR  
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ALASKAN  
CHURCHMAN?**



## PARISHES

Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Malcolm H. Miner Miss Caroline W. Templeton, DCE
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert The Rev. Alexander C. Zabriskie, Jr.
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins

## MISSIONS

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the Wilderness	The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn
Anchorage	St. Mary's	The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Beaver	St. Matthew's	Capt. George S. Glander, C.A.
Cordova	St. George's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Circle	Trinity	Mr. Bruce H. Kennedy
Eagle	St. John's and St. Paul's	The Bishop
Fort Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital	Dr. W. Burns Jones, Jr. Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N. Miss Susan E. Carter, P.H.N. Miss Susan C. Lewis, R.N. Miss Margaret H. Merrell
Huslia	Good Shepherd	The Rev. Patterson Keller
Holikachuk	St. Paul's	The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland
Ketchikan	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Kotzebue	St. George's-in-the Arctic	The Rev. Alwin Reiners, Jr.
Minto	St. Barnabas'	The Rev. Richard F. Simmonds
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Lee W. Stratman
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
Point Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox Mr. Donald Oktollik
Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. Carter van Waes
Shageluk	St. Luke's	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, P.H.N.
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Stevens		
Village	St. Andrew's	Miss Arlene B. Chatterton, R.N.
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. Coleman Inge
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	The Rev. Robert B. Greene
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

## OUTSTATIONS

Annette Island	Chalkyitsik	Rampart	Palmer
Arctic Village	Dot Lake	Point Lay	Seldovia
Big Delta	Homer	Mentasta Lake	Skagway
Bettles	Hot Springs	Mt. Edgecumbe	Tetlin
	Hughes	Noatak	Venetie
	Kenai	Nome	Wrangell Institute



